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Star of Bethlehem

It was December. In two more weeks it would be Christmas. In Bethlehem, a little town in New Hampshire, the townspeople were preparing for a community play to be given Christmas Eve.

The heroine, who was Lucy Dennis, fitted into the part very well. The play was progressing rapidly towards perfection. There was only one thing the matter. A hero could not be found.

Now in the opinion of everyone except Lucy, David Curtis was just the person for the part. Lucy thought he was "simply atrocious." There were two reasons for this conclusion. In the first place, once, when the two of them went to school together, David had caught some mice and had put them in Lucy's desk, so that he and his "gang" might laugh at her. In the second place, when Lucy, in her righteous indignation, had "snobbed" him, he, instead of being chagrined, didn't mind at all and had "snobbed" her, *her*, Lucy Priscilla Dennis!

Nevertheless, the play must have a hero. For whoever heard of a play without a hero? Lucy had declared that if David had the part she would not stay in the cast—and whoever heard of a play without a heroine?

Finally the coach, Mrs. Jones, decided to have David learn the part in secret, telling Lucy that her cousin, an accomplished actor from Lisbon, would play the part. As this did not exactly please the people, she dropped a hint here and there as to the truth of the matter. To Lucy, who already was wondering what the fare to Hollywood was, the people reporting these hints (in slightly exaggerated form, it must be remembered) were hateful gossips.

However, the stories interested her more than she cared to admit and she listened eagerly to the reports that placed Mrs. Jones's cousin next in rank to George Arliss in the profession and equal to Buddy Rogers in looks.

Imagine her disappointment, then, when in a rehearsal shortly before the performance, Mrs. Jones announced that her cousin was seriously ill and that another person had consented to take the part. Picture her embarrassment when David Curtis was introduced as the leading man.

It was enough to make anyone angry, and Lucy, being a temperamental actress, did not hesitate to tell the coach what she thought of anyone who, after taking the part, had the nerve to get sick; of the coach who had the nerve to appoint him, and of the person who had the nerve to take his place.

All her anger might have ended then and there if she had not noticed the grin on David's lips. But to see that he wasn't downcast urged her on, until Mrs. Jones told her that if she didn't want the part she need

not take it. This speech was not expected by Lucy, who had not the slightest idea of not being in the play.

So the rehearsals went on, Lucy becoming more and more disgusted with David, who entered in the second act as a long lost lover. To make matters worse, in the last scene David insisted on kissing her with a loud resounding smack. It is not strange that Lucy's interest in the production waned, until she was told that it was the test of an actress to put up with just such difficulties.

The day before the play was to be put on Lucy, quite reconciled to her fate, was doing some last minute shopping. As Lucy stepped to cross the deserted street, a roadster whizzed around the corner, bearing down on her path. At the same instant, a dark figure darted acros the square. There was a squeaking of brakes and Lucy found herself sitting on the sidewalk, beside her leading man. "Well!" she exclaimed, "Thanks."

"Oh, that's all right," grinned David.

"You know," said Lucy, settling as comfortably as she could on the snow, "I wish you would not make such a noise when you kiss people."

"O. K." replied David, helping her up. "May I walk home with you?"

Not only did he walk home with her but they walked home the longest way.

The next night all was excitement. David, much to the relief of the cast, behaved nobly during the last scene, and when the curtain was drawn with Lucy exclaiming, "Dear, I love you," the play was acclaimed a success by all.

After the final bow David drew Lucy into the wing.

"Lucy," he said, "You were great. You said that last speech as if you meant it."

"Maybe I did, you know," replied the star.

"Huh? Oh, golly! What a break!"

Myrtle Pray '31

Mabel Plays Cupid (with Results ! ! !)

Busy shop girls darted to and fro in the great Bennington department store. Huge throngs, reflecting the holiday spirit, filled the aisles. Outside, more people were crowded about trying vainly to get into the great store already filled to overflowing.

By one of the windows stood a girl dressed in a dark brown dress and brown coat around the collar of which was a magnificent fur now wet from the fast falling snow. Her face was a pretty one, young but hard and cold looking compared with the merry faces of the young people around her. She glanced up from her window-shopping to the jolly holiday faces surrounding her, and the blue eyes grew icier.

An older woman stopped beside the girl and spoke to her. "Helen Van Dyne! What are you looking at in that window? There's nothing there that will bite. Don't forget that the Christmas party is tomorrow evening. Junior wants you to be sure and come."

"Hello, Mabel, I'm awfully sorry, but I can't come to the party. You must know by now that a party of any sort can hold no attractions for me."

"So you just want every one to know that you are pining away over a fellow?" Mabel sarcastically demanded. "O! Helen, I'm sorry that I said that, really I am. Any way Junior just longs to see you. Won't you please come?"

"Poor Junior! Yes, I'll be there 'with bells on' as Jack—Oh, dear! You see, Mabel," she cried, "I can't forget him! Everything I do or say concerns him! And to think that we were going to be married on Christmas Eve."

"There, there, poor child. I know everything will turn out all right. Jack told Jim that he was sailing the day after Christmas for a trip around the world. You won't have to see him for another year."

"Oh!" gasped Helen turning white, "Our honeymoon trip." Then with a great effort she smiled at Mrs. Benson and said wearily, "Have you finished your shopping yet, Mabel?"

On receiving a negative reply, she took the woman by the arm and led her into the store, murmuring into her ear, "I've got so much money to help me forget and others have so little that I'm going to busy myself with Christmas charity work to take my mind off myself."

When Mrs. Benson reached home, she said to her husband, "Jim, I told Helen Van Dyne that we were going to have a Christmas Eve party, and I want you to invite Jack over also. Tell him the same thing.

"You're too late, my dear. I've asked Merrivale over already. I was going to tell you about it, but I forgot it."

"Why, Jim, you're marvelous!" cried his wife running to hug him. "I surely have a smart husband."

"Of course you have, my dear. If I weren't smart I probably wouldn't have married you. You see 'great minds all run in the same channels'."

Christmas Eve came and with it a heavy snow storm and a high wind. The snow was wet, and it clung to Helen's fur coat as she struggled blindly toward the Benson's home. It was dark, and the lights of many houses shone through the thickly falling snow with a misty gleam that seemed to pierce the heart of the lonely girl and instill some of the Christmas spirit into it that long hours of charity work had failed to arouse. Behind her she heard someone stamping snow from his shoes. She turned around, glad to have a companion for the rest of the walk, and came face to face with her ex-fiance, Jack Merrivale.

"Why, hello, Helen! How are you?" exclaimed the young man pleasantly. "Oh, I am quite all right, thank you. How do you do, Mr. Merrivale?" she asked in a frigid tone, as if it were necessary to ask but that she didn't care to know.

"You're still the same old Helen, aren't you?" the young man continued.

"I don't believe that I have changed my name or habits! So I suppose I am the same old Helen," she said mimicking him.

"May I walk to the Benson's home with you, Miss Van Dyne?" he asked, sarcastically emphasizing the *Miss*.

"You may if you want to," she said unconcernedly.

Thus quarrelling, they went up the steps to the Benson home. As Helen's hand went out to ring the bell, Jack's larger one closed over it.

"Helen darling, won't you foregive me? I'm terribly sorry for everything. Please look at me and say that you forgive and forget," he pleaded.

"Jack dear, it was all my fault. You forgive me please," she said without turning her head. "Now I think I-I-I'm a-a-afraid that I'm going to look at you; turn around." She got no more than a look, for Jack's arms closed around her immediately, and all was forgotten and forgiven.

The door curtain swayed slightly; then the door opened, silhouetting them against a background of light and merriment, a perfect picture for the Spirit of Christmas.

Marjorie Cass '32

Strange Happening

The night was wet and cold. The snow, a disagreeable kind, stuck like glue to my clothing. As it fell on my face, it turned to water and trickled slowly downward. The streets were covered with a slippery cloak of slush. The rays of automobile headlights failed to pierce effectively the swiftly falling snow. The automobiles went on their way slowly, stopping at every corner and then continuing cautiously onward. Now and then some reckless individual, growing impatient, would speed up and then be forced to skid around the corner.

Suddenly a car driven by a chauffeur slurred around the corner where I stood. Just at that moment, I noticed an old man, dressed as a "Post Santa Claus," about halfway across the street. I called aloud; but as he turned, the car swung around and knocked him completely over. I made my way, as quickly as possible, to the injured man's aid. Just about the time I reached him, the door of the sedan opened and a well-dressed man of about fifty jumped out. He gave a quick order to his chauffeur; then with some assistance from me, they managed to place "Santa" in the rear seat. The man leaped in front with his chauffeur, and they drove off.

Two days later, when I was reading the morning paper, I noticed on an inside page a bit of news in heavy print. It read as follows: "Striking Down of Post Santa by John Doe's Automobile Results in Christmas Dinner for Three Hundred Orphans at Sea Street Home."

Malcolm D. Kemp '31

Doe: "Will you serve the chicken?"
Waiter: "Sure, what will she have?"—Ex.

"Papa, papa! I saved a nickel to-day! I ran all the way to school behind a street car!"

"Why didn't you run behind a bus and save a dime?"—Ex.

A Christmas Stocking with a Hole

Marian Young, at the age of nineteen, was very independent. The way she shot around through the traffic in her green roadster in the centre of New York proved it to her friends as well as to the police. Since her parents had always given her just what she wished, she was a selfish girl. She had parties at any time and any price, provided she didn't bother her mother and father, because they were busy getting up parties of their own. However, her sister, Evelyn, seventeen years of age, much taller, darker, and handsomer than Marian, was just the opposite. She was quiet and calm and had never at- a young man, Bob Stevenson, who was a perfect match for her. He was just a little taller, tended a party.

By chance, one day, she met a young man, Bob Stevenson, who was a perfect match for her He was just s little taller, a little darker, and, it might be said, a little handsomer. He was giving a Christmas party the following Wednesday night and had invited Evelyn as guest of honor. Her first party would be a success. As she had saved her allowance for her cloths, she wouldn't have to ask her father for money. He had to buy too much for Marian.

A week before Christmas, Marian decided that she would like a Christmas party. She sat down at her telephone and called for the hall she preferred. Then she began to plan whom she would invite. She would ask Gerald Milton; he was such a dear, even if her friend, Myrna Halloway, had just about owned him for the last year. And then—yes—she would have mistletoe. That wouldn't do though, if Myrna were there. She would have to leave Myrna out.

Finally she had her list all made out and started to call the different ones. Just as she hung up the received after telephoning to Gerald, whom she called first, of course, her mother knocked at the door and came in.

"My dear, my dear," she sobbed, "I have some bad news for you."

"Not for me, because I can't be bothered with bad news. I have enough to attend to. Run along, Mother."

"Marian, listen to me!"

"I will not—must I repeat? I will not, I will not, I will not!"

"I'll tell you, anyway, now," said her mother who had as spiteful a disposition as Marian's. "Your father says we can't have any more parties or clothes for at least two months. He says there's no need of them, anyway."

"But, Mother, I've already planned a party for Wednesday night and I've already called Gerald Milton. What shall I wear? I've simply got to have a new gown. Dad will just *have* to give me some money."

"My dear, he hasn't any money!"

"Hasn't any money! Mother, stop kidding me. I'm in no mood for fooling."

"It is tied up in stocks, Marian. And please stop that language. 'Kidding'—how I hate that word."

"It's all right, Mother. They all say it because *I* do. You see, *I'm* the favorite." In a different tone, "Oh-h-h! What will Gerald think of me? I'm humiliated, to say the least. By the way, Mother, what was Evelyn doing in the 'Fifth Avenue Fashion Shoppe?' She had on the most gorgeous evening dress I ever saw. She looked charming, too, but I bet *I'd* look better in it."

"I'll tell you, Marian, if you'll not mention it to her. She has her first boy friend and a real one too, because he's giving a Christmas party for her. She'll be the belle of the ball."

"But where did she get the money? I thought that dad didn't have any."

"She saved it out of her allowance. You should have done the same if you wanted a dress."

"That's all right to say, but she isn't as popular as I am and she doesn't have to spend as much. I'm going to get that gown and wear it. She won't mind."

"But she's wearing it Wednesday night herself."

"She doesn't need it as much as I do. Dad will have to get me some money. I must have it, do you hear me?"

"Speak to your father. It's up to him."

"He'll say, "Do as you like," as he always does."

Thus, Wednesday evening passed, and Thursday morning dawned bright and clear. Evelyn and her mother and father were waiting for Marian, as usual. Her father finally sent Evelyn after her. Evelyn looked in her room but she wasn't there. Then, as she

passed the door of her own room, she saw Marian trying on her new dress. She shrieked, ran in the room, and seized Marian by the arm still screaming angrily. Marian was so astonished at Evelyn, for she have never seen her like this before, that she was rather frightened. Evelyn ran down the stairs, and told where she had found Marian and what she was doing.

"All she thinks of is herself. I never saw such a conceited, selfish girl in all my life. I save my money and buy myself a dress and there she is with it on. Oh—I hate her! No, Mother, don't try to stop me. I'm going and going in a hurry. Where am I going? I'm taking my things to a hotel, and I'm staying there so I can live my own life the way I want to and not give up everything to Marian. I've done that for seventeen years. I'm through, now. Money? I've saved about three hundred dollars or more. I can earn my own living, too, if I need to. Marian wouldn't lower her pride enough for that. I'm not afraid that it will hurt me. Good-bye.

The following Wednesday afternoon a note came for Marian.

"Sister,

"If you hang up your stocking tonight, I'm warning you that there won't be anything in it. There always was and always will be a big hole at the bottom. A hole-self. "Evelyn."

Marjorie Burne '31

Christmas on Sandy River

Henry Burton, forest ranger for the United States Government by choice, and trapper, hunter, and fisher by nature, sat alone in his comfortable log cabin in the Pentier Forest, a beautiful tract of government land situated near the Sandy River. As he sat there in an armchair smoking his pipe, he looked the very soul of comfort. One thing, however, was hanging on his mind, and that was food. True, he had bacon, flour, coffee, and some venison, together with a few minor articles, but Christmas was the next day, and the nearest village was about twenty-five miles away. Also, outside, a storm was raging furiously.

"Still," he reasoned, "I am lucky to have a warm cabin and enough to eat for a few more meals, but I'll have to go to Holdston soon."

As he spoke, a knock sounded on the door. "Come in," he said. The door swung open and an Indian stepped into the cabin.

"Well, hello Joe, what are you doing traveling around in this storm for?" asked Burton.

"Me want bacom," replied the aged Indian.

"Sorry, Joe, but I haven't any to spare but I'll give you a good, square meal."

"Me want bacom," repeated the redskin.

"I can't let you have any, but what do you say—want some supper?"

"Yes," returned Joe.

"You had better stay here tonight—you can't reach the peak in a blizzard like this," went on Burton.

He then quickly prepared a meal of which they both did justice. After the meal, Burton gave the Indian some tobacco and a pipe, which contented Joe very much. Soon Joe began to nod his head and almost fell asleep in his chair. Henry aroused him and gave the redskin a comfortable bunk to sleep in. Needless to say, it did not take either of them long to drop into a sound slumber.

It was early morning on Sandy River. The storm had cleared and the sun shone into the log cabin windows. Burton sat up, rubbed his eyes, and jumped out of his bunk. He then looked over to the bunk where Joe had slept. It was empty. Quickly pulling on his clothes, he opened the door. Outside were the footprints of heavy boots.

"I guess the rascal must have headed back to the peak; so I might as well get breakfast."

Going over to the cupboard, he opened it. The big slab of bacon was gone. He searched the cupboard; there was no trace of the missing bacon. Henry then went over to the large fireplace to put more wood on it. On the hearth lay a beautiful, glossy, black fox skin. Picking it up, he turned it over. On the back was written in rude, sprawling characters in charcoal: "To paleface. I took bacom, Joe."

As Burton held the skin, he laughed softly to himself. "Who in the world would think that anyone would get a Christmas present in this wilderness?" he mused.

Frank Thomas '33

Bashful Dick

It was the Christmas season, and the usual rush and excitement was going on everywhere in the little college town, Cornell. A certain stalwart looking young man was unmindful of everything going on about him, as he walked to and fro before a prominent jeweler's store. Each time, as he passed, he would look longingly at the card in the window which said: "Remarkable Sale of Diamonds. Buy *her* one for Christmas. If so desired, you may open a charge account." As Dick Dangerfield was passing the window for the sixth time, his eyes caught the words "Charge Account."

"Oh, I didn't see that before. That's just what I'm going to do." With a determined look on his face he walked into the store.

"May I help you?" asked the clerk.

"Well—er—if ynu don't mind, I'd like to see the diamonds," replied Dick.

"Here is a beauty, and only $650."

"Well," Dick replied, "I can only pay about half the price."

"Wait, here is one almost as good as the $650 ring," cried the clerk.

"All right, I'll take it. Wrap it up and charge to my credit," said Dick.

"Phew! I'm glad that is over with," Dick smiled as he turned homeward.

Dick Dangerfield was the college football hero. He happened to be, at this time very much in love with Barbara Louise, a very pretty co-ed.

On the campus Dick met his chum, Ted Waite.

"What's up?" said Ted. "Let me in on the secret. What's in the little box?"

"Come up to my room, and I'll tell you all about it."

When they were settled comfortably in Dick's room, he began:

"Ted, I want to propose to Babs tomorrow night, but I don't know how to begin. Will you show me how? You're so much experienced."

"Sure thing, old top," gaily replied Ted. I'll meet you up here after supper and show you how to propose." With this he left the room, grinning mischievously. Ted at once rounded up his so-called "Gang." He told them that, if they wanted to see some fun, to plan secretly to get into Dick's room, behind the curtains.

Promptly after supper, Ted went up to Dick's room. He saw to it that Dick would be delayed in order to give the boys a chance to hide. The boys were already there.

"Now for some fun," laughed Ted, "and for Heaven's sake, be quiet. Sh, here he comes. Hello, old top, I'm all set and raring to go. Come over here on the divan. I'll be you and you be Babs. All set? The first thing to do is kneel at her feet, hold her hand, and put your other hand to your heart; then begin:

"Dearest, sweetest flower of my heart, I love you more than wine. Please won't you say you'll be mine?"

"But," interrupted Dick, "I can't remember that kind of poetry."

"Well, say anything that comes into your head. She's supposed to know what you're trying to say, all the time."

"No, Ted, I-I-I'm afraid I c-can't do it."

A sneeze was heard from behind the curtains.

"Who's there?" cried Dick.

"Oh, it's only the boy in the next room. He has a bad cold. Come on. Here is the second way to propose."

"Darling, you're going to marry me tonight. No, don't protest, because it won't do any good."

"Give me your hand. Now, kiss me."

Ted started to hug Dick. There was a scramble which ended with both boys on the floor.

Behind the curtains the boys were stuffing their mouths with their handkerchiefs. Bob, a huge fellow, forgot himself and leaned upon a couple of boys in front of him. Then *bang*! The boys landed on the floor about the same time as Dick and Ted. The boys could not suppress their laughter any longer, and the room was in an uproar. Dick stared wide-eyed and mouth open.

When Dick at last recovered from his amazement, he fixed his tie, and combed his dishevelled hair. With a "goodnight" he left the room.

He went downstairs to the telephone and called Barbara. Hearing her voice at the other end of the wire, he said, "Dearest, be prepared to pretend that it's leap year when I come over tomorrow night."

Ruth Duff '31

Ganga

The cold, frosty air forbade any fun that evening for the boys and girls of Cripple Creek. Jean echoed the sentiments of the entire company by remarking in a decidedly hopeless tone, "There's nothing interesting here nowadays. This village is the dullest place!"

But Bob, the youngest of the party thought of a daring plan. "Why not," he suggested, "go over and visit old Ganga?"

"Ganga" was the nickname that had been given the old Hindu who had come to Cripple Creek such a long time ago—cold, hungry, and penniless. He had been taken care of by the kind villagers. In return for their kindness, he had proved himself of great value in the matter of weaving mats and rugs. His queer, eccentric designs held a certain fascination for the simple Creek-people, and they paid him well for his wares.

Gradually the more ambitious folks had wormed out of him part of his life history. He was a real Hindu, born in that beautiful and primitive city of Calcutta. His parents were of high caste, but had met reverses, and died in poverty. Before ill-luck overtook them, their love of progress showed itself in the education of their only son. He had been educated at Oxford, and returned to his home to find his parents dying of a terrible plague that had been sweeping the city. After they had gone, he gave the little money left him to his relatives, who were terribly in need of funds. Then, broken-hearted and desperate, he had left the city.

A mule was his only companion through the hills and tangled forests. Everything went smoothly, as he was an experienced tracker, and knew how to avoid the wild animals and snakes which were so common at that time.

But, just as he caught sight of the city where he planned to start his life over again, he was attacked by several wandering dacoits, or bandits. They beat him and left him supposedly dead, carrying away all his belongings. After being unconscious for two days, he recovered. His mind, however, was a complete void.

He wandered about from place to place for about a year, when he recovered his mind quite by accident. It was then that his natural Oriental superstition gripped his mind, and forced him to the conclusion that he was destined by Allah to be a wanderer all the rest of his life. He traveled Europe on foot; sometimes in plenty, and more often in want. So he had come to England, and found a home among the folks of Cripple Creek.

On the night of which I have spoken he was unusually despondent, and welcomed the knock which summoned him to the door. Opening it, his surprised eyes rested on six eager little faces upturned to his. "Please, sir, we want a story; that is—I—we—" stammered Bob.

"Come in, children. You will be frozen," bowed the old Hindu. They came gladly. Then, after making their wants known more clearly, and having gained the Indian's consent, they sat in a semicircle before the fire. His old face transfigured by the light of memory, the Indian began his story.

At one time I was acting as guide for an Englishman, who wished to explore a certain territory for byon, a ruby-bearing soil. He was a very brave and venturesome man who I do believe did not know the word *fear*. But one strange thing was that he insisted on bringing with him, as a mascot, I think he said, a small white puppy. I did not particularly care for dogs, but to please the Sahib, I determined to like this one. On the dog's neck was a beautiful collar studded with rubies and pearls.

That we did not meet any dacoits, fortunately, all of the way up-country gave us great heart, indeed. The Sahib and I prospected for rubies, and met with great success. We packed them in iron-bound chests, and prepared to go back to the town from which we had come, where the Sahib would board a steamer for England. Everything being prepared for our departure, we took a last look at the beautiful hills surrounding us. Then, glancing down, I noticed that the puppy was not in his usual place at his master's feet. Some vague instinct warned me that something was wrong. I strode over to our neatly piled packs, turned the corner, and then recoiled in horror. Swollen so that he could scarcely be recognized, was the little white dog, and just disappearing into the jungle was one of the worst, and

most fearsome of snakes in all of India. It was at least 15 feet long, and had the thickness of a man's arm. It was a specimen of snake now almost extinct—the Hamadryad. There was no known antidote for its poison. The poor little dog had sensed that something was threatening, and had gone to investigate. He must have put up a gallant fight against the giant reptile, but was out-classed from the start. For his loyalty to his master, he had received death! Telling the Sahib was the hardest thing which I had ever undertaken. The Sahib took the news quietly. I left him alone with the remains of his faithful dog until he called for me. His face had aged in those ten minutes, and his eyes were glassy. "Sahib," I stumbled, "I am so sorry for you. It was all my fault—"

"No," he replied, laying his hand on my shoulder, "you have just proved to me that there is loyalty in this world that will last even to death!" Then he smiled, this brave Sahib, and handed me something. I could not at first make out what it was because of the moisture clouding my eyes. Then, my vision clearing, I recognized—the little jeweled collar.

"But, Sahib," I protested, "you must keep that to remember your little dog."

Gripping my arms tightly, he said quietly, "Do you think that I shall ever forget? I need nothing to remember him. I shall always carry his picture in my heart."

He then forced the collar into my hands and strode away. He did not wait for me, but shouldered his pack and plunged into the jungle. Although I hunted for hours, I could find no trace of him. To this day, I do not know whether the Sahib who loved a little white dog ever reached civilization.

As the Hindu finished, Jean was sobbing audibly, and the other children were making suspicious little noises. Getting up from his chair, the old Hindu noiselessly went over to a cabinet, took something out, and returned to his seat. The children gazed at a jewel-studded dog's collar, greatly dimmed with age. The fire crackled and the wind moaned outside the eaves; but all was silent in the cottage. *Doris Monks* '33

Introducing Sam

Roan's Toy Shop was one of the busiest shops in town, so Jerry Anderson thought, as she swiftly made change, wrapped toys in bright paper, and waited on new customers. The rush and bustle at Christmas time always made Jerry happy; and a pleasant smile went with every sale that she made.

One afternoon, as Jerry was preparing to close the store for the night, she saw a group of small boys going down the street. On a second glance, she recognized one and called loudly to him:

"Sam, Sam, come back here and wait for me. It is almost closing time now." Then she turned to wait on a customer. Looking up a few minutes later, she saw Sam sitting on a stool waiting for her.

Later, she and Sam made their way through the door to the snow-laden street. "I beg your pardon," a kind looking Santa who was in front of the store said, "but did I hear you call me a few minutes ago?"

"Why-er-no," answered a puzzled Jerry, "you must be mistaken. I was calling Sam, my little brother, a few moments ago.

"Oh, my name is Sam too. Well, I must say that is too bad, I was hoping that somebody would need my company and call to me sometime. It *would* be a mistake," he said.

"Maybe you won't be disappointed." And then she whispered, so that little Sam could not hear, "You take off that outfit and I'll wait for you here, so that we can introduce ourselves. You must hurry, though."

A few minutes later he was with them, but not as Santa this time. After the introductions were over, he walked home with them.

In the days that followed Sam was a frequent visitor at the Anderson home. One bright day little Sam was sitting near big Sam when suddenly he said:

"Say, Sam, what ever became of the Santa that we met in front of the store that night?"

"Oh, that Santa jumped in his sleigh and rode up to the north pole, after he met you and Jerry."

"He sure was a nice Santa," answered Sam.

"I bet he was," agreed big Sam with a sly smile. *Maryellen Morse* '33

Christmas

From the early centuries of Christianity, people have celebrated the anniversary of Christ's birth with special church services and festivals. The English, in early times, called these services "Christes messe," meaning Christ's mass. This is the way we obtained our word "Christmas."

At first the date of the celebration varied in different places. The Armenians still hold their celebration on January 6. The reason for establishing the festival on December 25 was that this day marked the beginning of the great solstice festival of the pagan Gauls, Germans, and Britons. As in other instances when Christian festivals replaced pagan, many of the pagan symbols are kept. Good examples of this are the yule log, holly, and mistletoe.

Christmas became a popular fete during the middle ages. Even at that time, they decorated their churches with flowers and gave short plays relating to the birth of Jesus.

The English were the greatest celebrators of this day. In Shakespeare's time the festivities lasted for twelve days. Everyone left his work to give himself up to enjoyment during this time.

During the regime of the Puritans, all merriment on Christmas day was prohibited. After the Restoration some of these customs, much subdued, came into effect again.

The Dutch settlers of New York brought across the ocean the joyous custom of observing Christmas with merriment. We owe the origin of our Santa Claus to them also.

Today the observance of Christmas is widespread. In both England and America the little children hang up their stockings in a row before the fireplace, and Santa Claus, we are told, with a big pack of toys, comes to fill the little stockings. In some of the Baltic States, Kris Kringle, the Christ Child, brings the presents. In France the children place wooden shoes on the hearth in readiness for the gifts, which "Bonhomme Noel" (Father Christmas) brings. The Norwegian children hunt gaily for their toys, which have been hidden in different places. In Italy the presents are drawn from the "Urn of Fate"—an old Roman custom.

Every land has its own Christmas Carols and way of singing them. In England "waits" sing under the windows. In the United States some boys and girls often go about singing carols to shut-ins or unfortunates.

The Christmas tree with its pretty ornaments and lights, which is closely connected with the celebration, appeared first along the Rhine sometime in the sixteenth century.

Our practice of preparing a birds' Christmas tree with choice bits of suet, apple, nuts, and seeds, originated from the Scandinavian custom of placing a sheaf of grain in the dooryard, on a tall pole for the birds on Christmas morning.

The elaborate street festivals of Italy and Spain are replaced in the United States by the Community Tree. It is a custom for a large crowd to gather around the tree and sing the familiar carols.

Hazel Morrison '31

Our First Snowstorm

One night as it was getting dark, I went riding down to Nantasket Beach. The clouds were hanging low over sea and land, and the white capped waves were beating high on the shore. Upon the rocks, which are far over on the right side of the beach, the waves were breaking. In the distance Boston Light could be plainly seen flashing every few minutes. The huge schooner "Nancy" made a dismal and lonely outline against the black sky.

All of a sudden, the street lights at Pemberton were hidden from view, as if they had been put out, and Boston Light and the other lighthouses far out could be just barely seen through the distance. I never saw the ocean look greener than it did at that time. We saw what we thought was a thick fog rolling in from the ocean. It spread over Pemberton and Hull, and was rapidly approaching in our direction. It was upon us in no time, but it was not fog as we soon found out—it was rapidly, and the wind was blowing them in all snow.

The large flakes were coming down directions. But, after about fifteen minutes, the snow stopped, as quickly as it had started and the wind calmed down. We could see Boston Light, now flashing as brightly as ever. The low clouds disappeared revealing the moon and a sky full of stars. There was no evidence left of the storm except the little piles of snow that the wind had blown into sheltered places. *Margaret Young* '31

Destiny

Margaret Pendleton ran breathlessly up the gangplank, and paused only a few minutes at the rail to wave good-bye to her friends before going to her stateroom. She had hardly reached the rail before the whistle blew for the last time, and the boat pushed off for America. For America,. How wonderful that sounded after four years away from home! Of course she'd miss the girls at the academy, but then—to be going *home!* With a happy sigh, she ran joyfully to find her room.

Margaret shared her stateroom with an acquaintance, Mary Cronnan, a young girl of her own age whom she had met in London, and who also was on her way home after studying in that city. The girls became fond of each other, and were usually together.

The evening proved to be gay as the girls dressed for dinner, and later went into the social salon to listen to the orchestra. A group of boisterous, laughing, happy young people, rushed to meet them, and carried them off to a far table. After a while, Margaret, unlike Mary, tired of the chattering and joking, wished that times were not quite so modern, and that a handsome, young prince would come to her rescue. A young man at the other end of the room, detaching himself from a group, walked across to her table. He was not a prince, and could scarcely be called handsome, but he *was* young and gentlemanly, and a way by which she could leave the crowd; so when he stood before her and asked:

"Would you care to take a turn on deck?" she answered simply:

"Let's!"

Unnoticed by the rest of the group, she arose, and they went out into the cold, night air. After the second turn, they met Mary, with an escort, who had come in search of them.

"John," she cried at sight of them, "how did you know her?"

"Why, I told you I'd know her anywhere. How could I help it after that description you gave me in London?"

He turned to Margaret. "You see, Cousin Mary told me all about you after she made your acquaintance. She was so enthusiastic in describing you, I knew I'd know you in a minute! I didn't know that you and Mary were on this boat, but when I saw you through the crowd looking so bored, I just *had* to come over although we hadn't been properly introduced. You understand?"

"Yes" was all she said, but she might have added that she had already known him, having been introduced at a tea when she had first come over. Everyone knew that she had changed greatly since then; so it was little wonder that he had forgotten it.

The following days were happy ones and full ones. When they weren't playing shuffleboard, they were playing ping-pong. In the evening they danced or walked, and all the while their friendship increased. Then came the night when John told her he loved her. Somehow she had always known it, but it was rather wonderful to hear it from his own lips.

Absorbed as they were in their new-found happiness, they were unconscious of the changing in the weather. A heavy fog had enveloped the ship. Suddenly, from seemingly nowhere, a huge gray wall loomed up like some destructive giant of old. There was a crash, and the ship ran straight into another ocean steamer. People were thrown to the floor. In the mad rush that followed John and Margaret were separated. Women screamed. Men yelled. The captain shouted orders. The life boats were lowered, and there was a mad scramble of a terror-stricken mob for them.

"Women and children first! Here, you lubber, get back there!"

Boat after boat was lowered. The crowd on deck seemed hardly to diminish, and the ship was sinking fast.

"Men," bellowed the captain over the roar of the sea, "you'll have to take the life-belts and jump, and pray that you'll be picked up. This is the last boat, and there's still a dozen women left. God be with you!"

Margaret ran back and forth through the fighting mass of men.

"John! John! Oh, God help me to find him," she prayed.

At last she saw him, and fighting her way to him, threw her arms about his neck.

"My dear, my dear, at last!" she sobbed and fainted.

He gathered her in his arms, and rushed to the rail. The last boat had been lowered. Frantically he yelled after it but it was too late. Margaret gained consciousness, and he threw a life-belt over her shoulders, then one over his own, and arms enfolded they jumped into the icy darkness of the hungry sea. All night long they fought death. One by one they saw their companions sink below the surface. Still, grimly they fought on. Toward morning they found a piece of driftwood large enough to support their two bodies. Then, from the remains of the ship fell a beam. Margaret saw it coming, and tried vainly to pull John to safety. It was of no use. It struck him between the shoulders, and carried him quickly to the bottom. He had loosened his hold on Margaret, but falling into a dead faint, she collapsed completely, and, as her strained fingers slowly loosened their grip on the plank, she slid slowly, quietly into the water, to join once again her faithful lover.

Helen Jones '32

A Good Time

A good time is as pleasant as the person enjoying it wishes it to be.

Some people enjoy themselves immensely by plodding through swamps and undergrowth with guns over their shoulders, and, upon returning to camp, by eating burnt bacon and soggy, half-baked potatoes.

To others a smashing game of football is "the life." To go into a football game and get bruised and kicked, stepped on and cut, and then to return home, battered and tired, but happy, is "great fun."

Some people I know will get up at two o'clock in the morning to fish for "distance" on the radio, and thereby gain great satisfaction and pleasure.

There are many who spend their spare time in reading all available books.

Some are "movie" fans, and these sit through evenings in a stuffy theatre, while some one at the left giggles at the wrong time, and on the right someone else is chewing ing gum, noisily.

This shows that, regardless of any accompanying difficulties, people will have a good time according to their likes and dislikes.

C. Parsons

Concerning My Christmas Emotions

I wonder how many of you feel the way I do about Christmas. Perhaps I'm getting too personal; but, just the same, I'm going to tell you all about my kind of Christmas spirit. I have always believed that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." Why, I don't know of anything in this world that makes me more happy than buying Christmas presents, especially when I know that I have worked hard for the money I spend. I shouldn't want to buy Christmas presents if I knew I hadn't earned the money, for such presents would not be my own gifts. In others words, I should be a pretender and my gifts would be false. What sacrifices would I be making in a case like that? It's just the fact that I know I'm doing without things I need that gives me that certain satisfied smile that never fails to twitch about the corners of my mouth round Christmas time. Yet there's one thing that repays me, always repays me, for my hard work and sacrificing; that thing is the sight of Mother's face on Christmas morning. I've never yet failed to see sweet tears of gratitude in her eyes. It's the same with your mother, with everybody's mother. Even if it were some silly, little trifling thing from the "Five and Ten," I know and you know that she would love it. Expensive presents—what do they mean to loving mothers and true friends? Not a thing. I don't ever want to feel that I'm giving someone a Christmas present because I know she expects it. To be very colloquial, I shouldn't get any "kick" out of that. I'm certain that I'm not the only one who feels this way; that's why I've taken the liberty of expressing my Christmas emotions so openly to you.

Ola Jean Taylor '31

A Woman's Strength

They don't give girls credit for endurance,
And they say that they lack strong assurance—
But let me say this:
There isn't a miss
That cares what the weather does to her toes,
As long as there isn't a shine on her nose.

Viola Goldsworthy '31

Now Won't You Study?

John Doe had just reached the "Gates of Heaven," but, having lost his identification card, stood at a loss when Old Saint Peter requested him to present it.

John D.—"Honest, Saint Peter, I did have an admittance slip."

Saint P.—"I'm sorry John, but I'm not allowed to permit anyone to enter these gates unless he has an identification card."

John D.—"Oh, mercy, Saint Peter! The wind was so strong as I was coming up that the card blew away. Don't tell me—O Saint Peter, spare me this much. I got hit by an auto, so that I might come here. Oh, I beg of you! Don't say that I must return."

Saint P.—"No, there is one chance. I shall question you, and if you answer pleasingly and truthfully to me, I think I can secure your admittance."

John D.—"Oh, thank you, sir."

Saint P.—"Did you ever make an inexcusable error in English, such as a comma-splice?"

John D. (shamefacedly)—"Yes, Saint Peter, I fear I did, way back in my school days."

Saint P.—"That, of course, will diminish your chance of admittance, but there is still hope, John, though I am deeply grieved at your carelessness. Did you ever hand in a composition with the adverb 'very' in it?"

John D.—"Truly, Saint, I did once in a careless moment."

Saint P.—"Bad, bad, careless again, but there is yet another chance. Of course you never failed in English."

John D.—"You must listen to me, Saint Peter. I got "H" in Science, and how I did shine in German. Now what of it if I did get an "F" once or twice in English?"

Saint P.—"O John, you do not realize the importance of this beautiful language, which the angels speak. When a soul comes here who knows English, we realize he must indeed be fit for heaven, having taken an interest in this subject."

John D.—"But remember, I attended a school which accepted nothing but one's best, and I did not have time to do my best."

Saint P.—"What was this school you attended?"

John D.—"Weymouth High School, and I studied English under the renowned Professor Brown."

Saint P.—"Oh, Weymouth High School! Then the gates are open to you. Surely if you attended such a school, I need question you no further, for you must know our beautiful language thoroughly. Enter!"

Archie MacKean '31

The Lone River

The Lone River begins away up in the peaks of the Rocky Mountains, where it is fed with melting snows and torrents of rain. It winds its course over glens and around huge boulders that stand in its way now, as they have done for thousands of years. With its ceaseless flowing, it has dug itself a bed which gets deeper and deeper, and winds about, forming queerly-shaped figures as it goes. Some distance from its source it separates from the rest of its tributaries and goes on in silence, which is broken only by the swish and gurgling of the water lapping gently against the obstacles that lie in its path.

It has been many years since a craft of any kind has been on this river, and those that were once there belonged to the Indian. But the Indian has long ceased to paddle his canoe here as he holds a dread of the river. So Lone River winds its solitary way down the mountains and on to the great sea beyond.

Archie Craig '34

Christmas Voices

Over hills and over plains
Clash a thousand bells;
Each the same great truth proclaims;
Each the story tells—
Old, old story, ever new,
Wondrous story, ever true.

Shepherds watching once by night,
Watching long ago,
Heard a seraph choir bright
Murmur soft and murmur low,
"Good will and love, love and good will!"
Then angels spoke, and all was still.

Alice Blanchard '33

The Blizzard

The dawn broke cold and clear on a January morning. The sun had not yet risen, and the filmy whiteness of the hoar frost covered everything. The mercury had risen above the zero mark as the sun's golden rim showed on the horizon. A death-like stillness pervaded the bleak hills in the interval between darkness and daylight. As the day advanced, the cold abated somewhat. Soon the sun was hidden behind a cloud-bank that had appeared from the north. A slight breeze swayed the topmost branches of the taller trees, and a few snowflakes had drifted down on the air, and had settled softly to earth. Suddenly, a great gust of wind came from the north, increasing in volume under the pres- were twisting and swaying under the pressure of the oncoming storm. With the wind, came snow and sleet in such quantities that the ground was covered with a white blanket instantaneously. The wind howled, and the trees moaned as the blizzard increased in fury. Now and then a crash could be heard, as a woodland giant fell to the earth. At night the storm was still raging, in sharp contrast to the warmth and comfort of the warm fireside many people were enjoying. The storm continued for two days and two nights. On the morning of the third day, the world woke to find the clouds breaking and the sun shining. None ventured into the deep drifts and the bitter cold, until the sun had warmed the air a slight degree at noon. Then, and then only, did the boldest, with freezing fingers, attempt to clear away the snow from their dwellings. *R. Minns* '31

Society Bridge

Mrs. Mortimer Reginald St. John was at her wits' end. No one would dream that she was the daughter of a poor Kansas rancher, Hank Peters. Twenty years ago she had married St. John and came East. Besides, she took care that no one knew her past history, which, for social reasons, she kept a secret. She was at her wits' end, because some "high-class" ladies, whose acquaintance she desired also for social reasons, were late for a bridge party. Her ground-floor apartment, in Park Avenue, was ready for the tardy guests.

Suddenly the door-bell rang. Rogers, the butler, hastened to the door. Before he reached it, however, it opened, two young men dressed and looking exactly alike. (They were dressed like cowboy characters from a "dime-novel"), rushed in, grabbed Rogers' hand, and shouted, "Howdy, brother-in-law!"

Rogers stiffened, "Begging your pardon, sirs. There must be some mistake!"

Here Mrs. St. John appeared, all smiles, to welcome her guests but when she saw who they were her face changed. For a moment it looked as though she were going to faint. One of the strangers asked, "What's the trouble, sister, be'a'nt you glad to see us?"

"Yes," moaned Mrs. St. John. "But why did you have to come now?"

The two strangers were John and James Peters, her two brothers, who were only five years old when she left Kansas. Hurriedly "sister" explained the bridge party, and begged them to keep out of sight. They agreed to do so and picked the basement to hide in. They were no more than out of sight when the guests arrived.

The ladies had played only a short time before muffled talking was heard: "John, you know I be a better shot than you," accused a husky voice.

"James, I reckon you gotta prove it!" challenged an equally husky voice. "See that light bulb there?"

"Yeah."

"Boom! The floor splintered underneath a table. Simultaneously a bowl of olives on it flew into fragments hurling olives in all directions.

In the ensuing confusion Mrs. St. John could be heard groaning like a cow with green apple colic. The muffled voices again: "James, you hit her plumb centre!"

Mrs. St. John recovered her faculties and quieted the ladies down with a made-up excuse. They started playing again, although a bit nervously. "I bid two diamonds."

"Don't do that, ye danged fule," replied a muffled voice.

Mrs. Keith-Cedric started and looked frostily about her. Mrs. St. John saved the moment by saying, "That's only Rogers and the cook quarreling."

Presently loud voices raised in argument were heard, and the brothers walked into the room. Discovering their mistake, they started out. They were too late.

Mrs. Booth spied them and exclaimed, "Oh, who are those quaint young men?"

Mrs. St. John stammered and exclaimed, "Er—these are my two brothers who just got back from a masquerade, haven't you boys?'

James looked about wildly until he saw a flower pot. His face lighted. Hastening to it, he spit out a huge wad of tobacco, turned around and replied, "Oh, yes, ma'am! We just got back from the mashy parade."

Mrs. St. John introduced them at the same time, covertly motioning the boys to excuse themselves. But John slapped Mrs. Codfayce on the back and said, "Go right ahead and play! Don't mind us!"

Suddenly he leaned forward and shouted into Mrs. Booth's ear, "Play yer king, play yer king!"

Mrs. Booth gasped and turned a frigid glance on John, squelching him temporarily.

Then Rogers entered. "Refreshments are served, madam."

James and John invited themselves to dessert also. They just yelled, "Gangway!" and made a dash for the dining-room door.

Mrs. St. John gave a last hefty groan and expired (not perspired). Meanwhile the few remaining ladies who were not trampled to death in the rush either fainted with great dignity or fled. When the ambulance arrived, they took two young men dressed as cowboys with them, two young men who kept murmuring, "Shouldn't have et dessert fer twenty!"

Moral: Don't go East, young men.

Nota bene: We advise young men not to take the moral seriously, since there is practically no danger in going East if one is not a red-headed twin brother and has not got an older sister trying to break into society.

Richard Gridley '31

The Flapper

The composure of Mr. William S. Harrington, Jr., was suddenly disturbed when an extremely pretty girl bumped into him. As she stooped to pick up the package that she had dropped, she bumped her head against his as he was gallantly bending over to rescue the package. Having at last safely recovered her package, she laughed lightly, and said, "Oh thank you."

He watched her disappear down the street. As she was crossing the street, she was saved from being run over, by a young man who happened to be near.

"The little flirt," thought Mr. William S. Harrington, Jr. "I wonder what she'll do next so some handsome 'guy' will come to her rescue."

Now, Mr. Harrington, Jr., was not conceited. Of course he knew he was handsome; he couldn't help knowing it, because the girls flocked around him. He was disgusted with all women. This pretty little flapper was probably trying to get acquainted with him, knowing he was the son of Mr. William S. Harrington, Sr.

The next day, William was out driving his car. Suddenly a yellow roadster whizzed by him. A few miles up the road, the roadster was parked by the side, and a girl was anxiously looking up and down the street. Mr. Harrington stopped his car. She exclaimed, "The tire has gone flat, will you please help me?"

"Why don't you call a garage? I haven't time to bother."

"If you'll kindly tell me where to find a telephone, I'll gladly call a garage," she returned very sweetly.

"Well,—you see—I've an important engagement. I'm William S. Harrington, Jr., you know."

"Indeed? And who is he? You see I'm not very well acquainted in this section."

"Say—ee!—"

"Run along! I shan't bother you."

Mr. Harrington, Jr., got into his car and drove to the nearest garage, where he stopped and sent aid to the girl.

That night he attended a ball. He was introduced to Miss Flora Van Asterbilt, a guest of the hostess. Miss Van Asterbilt

was the girl of the roadster, the girl who had bumped into him. She was popular with everyone. Queer he had misjudged her yesterday and this afternoon. She kept away from him, and was particularly attentive to a distinguished looking man.

"Trying to make me jealous now, probably," he thought to himself.

Later in the evening, Mr. Harrington, Jr., sauntered over to Miss Van Asterbilt and her companion. He had a dance with Miss Van Asterbilt. He apologized for not having helped her in the afternoon, giving his reasons. She accepted the apology very sweetly.

"I say, have you a date for tomorrow afternoon?" asked William.

"Yes," she answered, very demurely.

"Well, how about tomorrow evening?"

"Not very well. You see, I'm going to be married tomorrow. Won't you come and meet my fiance now?"

Mr. William S. Harrington, Jr., never stopped to aid a maiden and a roadster again.

Marjorie Caswell '31

Christmas In Russia

Let us consider ourselves fortunate that we are not spending the Christmas holiday in Russia this year. An idea of the deplorable conditions which exist in that country at the present time is given by the recent newspaper reports, which state that the Soviet government has forbidden all forms of Christmas celebration there. No toys or gifts are to be displayed in the show windows, and any person found cutting or selling Christmas trees will be prosecuted. Lest their tongues should peal forth the glad tidings of peace on earth, the bells in many churches have been removed and melted down, the metal to be used for industrial purposes. Instead of being treated to the sight of bulging stockings and dazzling Christmas trees, the Russian children are to be taken to anti-religious movies and concerts. All this is a part of the Soviet government's campaign against religion; and, bearing it in mind, we may well be satisfied with the comforts and cheer of the holiday festivities in our own land.

Paul Foskett '33

A Back Seat Driver Goes On a Flight

I tell you you're going to fast, Henry. You are! I know you are! You're going at least 140 and nearer 165! Will you slow down, Henry? Slow down right this min—watch out! You're going to hit that air pocket right ahead! You're going to hit it! Watch out, Henry! Mercy! We didn't miss it by more than half a mile! Why can't you be more careful, Henry? What does your altimeter say now? What? What? I can't hear a word you say, Henry! How do you expect me to hear you when you mumble so? Are you sure the earth inductor compass is working right? Yes, I see it, but it doesn't look correct to me. I'm sure we should have turned to the right around that cloud back there. I know we should! We should have turned to the right around that greenish cloud. I told you to, and you went driving right ahead without paying the least attention to me! Will you listen to what I'm saying, Henry? It seems to me I smell gasoline. I smell gasoline! It's a leak in the—Gracious! What are you trying to do, Henry? You'll twist the plane in two, banking so suddenly like that! Now I've forgotten what I was talking about —oh, I remember! I was telling you to be careful. Just because you have no regard for your own safety is no excuse for you being so reckless! You seem to forget that I'm in this plane too, Henry! And I have my vaudeville contract to consider!

Frances Conroy '33

"Shop Early"

The newspaper displays it,
The shop-keeper prays it,
It's discussed by all on the street;
The radio shouts it,
The advertiser spouts it,
It's remembered by those whom we meet;
The movies all press it,
The posters express it,
The thought is so terribly whirlly
That I eat, and I talk
And I sleep, and I walk,
To the tune of that dreadful—"Shop early!"

Judith Wood '33

The Stereotype Plate

"Stereotype! What is it?" you say. Stereotype plays the most important part in the publishing of a newspaper. A stereotype is a half-round plate from which the print is taken onto the paper. If it weren't for the stereotype it would be almost impossible to have newspapers printed to such an extent as they are to-day.

Here are the steps in the making of a stereotype in the order in which they come in the publishing of the Quincy Evening News.

First the type is set up by a machine which is called a Linotype. This machine is not adapted to the setting of very large type; so all large type is set by hand. Ads are then made up. This is where the larger type is used. After corrections are made, the news material and ads are put into page form. These pages are then put into chases. A chase is a steel frame especially made for this purpose. When the page is put into this chase, it is locked up by quoins. Then a man comes along with a steel table on wheels and makes the top level with the top of the table on which the form is. This is done by a system of levers under the top of the rolling table. The form is then pushed onto the rolling table and is taken to a machine which takes an impression of the form on a papier-mache. This papier-mache is now called a *matrix*. This matrix is made up of tissue paper and blotting paper glued together.

The form is put on the bed of this machine; the papier-mache is put over it. When this is in position, the operator pushes a button which starts the movable bed with the form on slowly moving under a roller which presses the paper against the type. This machine, having a high pressure, makes a very clear duplicate of the form even to getting the very fine dots of the halftone on the papier-mache. This matrix is damp when it goes in the impression machine and so when it comes out it is put into a dryer which takes out all the dampness making it perfectly dry but still maintaining the impression of the page. From here it goes to the machine which makes the stereotype. This machine is called the casting box. The stereotype is semicircular in shape so the mold or casting box must be semicircular. The matrix is put into the mold and then the stereotype metal is run into the mold and stereotype made.

These stereotypes are so large and thick that trouble is run into very often. The right temperature must be kept up constantly and must not go over a certain point. The highest temperature for newspaper stereo's is 65 degrees F. If this temperature is not held it will cause "sinks," "hot struks" and "porous plates." This metal is made up of lead, tin and antimony. Unlike other type metals, it is very low in tin and antimony and is very soft. Some of their stereo's weigh sixty-five pounds.

The advantages of stereotyping are that it makes speedy presswork, saves wear on type and original cuts, and furnishes a means of making several stereotypes of each page so that several persons can produce the same page at the same time. The speed with which a page can be plated makes stereotyping of great importance in newspaper publishing.

V. Wormald '31

John's Mistake

John, a country lad from Maine, came up to Boston for a short visit. He had never been in a hotel, but he had heard people talk about hotels, and he thought it was going to be great fun. He engaged a room and bath at Hotel Evans, which was in the centre of Boston.

Being tired, he decided to go to bed early. At eight-thirty John was in bed, but in vain did he try to go to sleep. It was useless. He had endeavored to open the windows before going to bed, but found them all locked.

He had never slept in such a stuffy room in his life. He tossed and turned. At last, in desperation, he got out of bed, wrapped a blanket carefully around his hand, and smashed a window. Then he breathed deeply, got back into bed, and fell into a deep and refreshing sleep.

The next morning, when he went down to breakfast, the manager came up to him and asked him if he would please pay three dollars as soon as possible for smashing the front of the wardrobe.

Lillian Clapp '31

How Girls Study

"A compound sentence is a sentence that contains two—What did you say, Dot? What's the name of the song on the radio, now? Oh, that's 'My Baby Just Cares For Me.' I'm crazy about it, too. My baby don't care for clothes—O dear, I can never learn this English!

"A phrase is a group of words that does not contain a subject or a predicate. A phrase is a group—well, what's the matter with me, anyhow? I don't care what it is. I suppose the English language couldn't get along if I didn't learn that. English is a terrible study anyhow. Not much sense in learning rules. No one asks you about them when you get out of school. Now French is much nicer. I can introduce French phrases very often, and one must know that I have studied the language. What's the lesson on for tomorrow? Oh, yes, conjugation of *parler*. Let's see. How does it begin? *Je parle, tu parles, il par—il pa-il*-well, *il* then!

"Conjugations don't amount to anything. I know some phrases that are appropriate here and there, and in almost every locality; and how's anybody going to know that I haven't my conjugations all by heart?

"Have I done my geometry? No, I'm just going to study it. Twenty-ninth, isn't it?

"Let the triangle ABC, triangle ABC—say, Dot, did you see Anna Snow with that marvelous looking fellow at the game Saturday? Honestly, that woman has more men. I don't think she's so much to look at either, do you? I'd love to know how she does it.

"Oh, theorem!

"Let the triangle ABC be right-angled at B. On one side BC erect the square AO. On the side—oh, did I tell you that Bob has asked me to go to the Senior Prom? Isn't that just too wonderful for words? I was hoping that he'd ask me instead of that girl he usually takes. She acts so important, but she really is quite attractive, don't you think?

"Where was I? Oh, yes! Side AC the square AE. Draw the line—come on, let's go at our astronomy. It's on; 'Are the planets inhabited?' Now, Dot, I think they are, and I've thought about it a great deal. I got a darling pair of pumps yesterday. I wanted spikes to go with my chiffon, but Dad raved, and I had to give in. Yes, I think they are inhabited. I'd like to visit them. But catch me living in Venice! Eight seasons! Think how often we'd have to have new outfits to keep up with the styles.

"What! You're not going? Am I sorry? I hate to see you leave, but I suppose you're tired. Gee, I'm almost dead from studying a whole evening like this. I wish that teachers were more civil." *Florence Smith* '33

Mummies and Windows Shades

One Saturday, after wandering through many interesting rooms in the Boston Art Museum, I walked, unintentionally, I assure you, into the room where all the mummies are kept:

All about the room were those oddly shaped and carved wooden boxes which encased the mummies. In the centre of this room was a glass case which housed the dried up, mummified corpse of some ancient Egyptian.

"My," sympathized a very stout woman standing on the opposite side of the case, "the poor-r-r mon is nothin' but skin and boon."

"Yes," I answered, feeling very agreeable, "he must have starved to death."

"Deary me, and I wish it were jist a bit lighter in here," shivered my stout friend.

"So," I began, when—

Crash! ! Boom! ! Bang! !

"Heaven praserve mae" screamed the frightened stout person moving faster than I had imagined possible, "the mummies be a fallin' on me head!"

As for me—well, to tell the truth I had just decided to faint, but noticing that I should perhaps fall through the glass case, I quickly decided otherwise. For one thing, that ancient Egyptian looked too hungry for comfort.

When my legs finally behaved properly I wabbled to the door, and who should I almost bump into, but the guard of the mummy room.

"He-he-he-ha-ho-ho-ho-ho!" he roared. "Imagine a big woman like that getting scared almost to death just because the spring in a window shade coils the curtain up with a little snap."

"Little snap!" I mumbled indignantly to myself. "If my ears didn't deceive me, it sounded more like a big snap with a couple of crashes and booms added."

Adelaide Duncan '33

The Salesgirl's Night Before Christmas

'Twas the night before Christmas,
And all through the shop
The salesgirls were frantic
'Mid chatter and talk.

A thousand were grabbing
The fifty cent ties,
And mauling and pulling
In search of their size.

There was pushing and shoving
And quite an uproar,
In search of 'most anything
Left in the store.

The salesgirl smiled sweetly,
As all salesgirls might,
When Johnnie returned with
Some goods that weren't right.

Pa's socks were too bright
And Ma's hat was too gay.
The slippers were misfits;
So they couldn't stay.

There was wrapping of bundles
And flying of string.
'Twas the last minute rush,
For the bell was to ring.

The mob now departed,
To the salesgirl's delight.
Merry Christmas to all,
And to all a good night.

Nellie Beaton '32

White Magic

Snow, sifting silently to the ground,
White flakes fall, whirling and twirling around.
Freqently footsteps are heard—homeward bound.

Yesterday, fields and meadows looked bleak;
Today, the hill has a snow-covered peak.
Then suddenly, as under a magical spell,
Will the blanket of snow disappear in the dell,
To come again in another year.

Norma Gillis '33

Some Movies at W. H. S.

"Dynamite," W. H. S. football team.
"Old English," rejected by Mr. Brown.
"Follow Thru," the line in the lunchroom.
"The Spoilers," teachers in a study hall.
"Lucky Star," teacher's pet.
"The Awful Truth," confessing to the teachers after school.
"Why Bring That Up," Examinations.
"The Bachelor Girl," Agnes Gowans.
"Embarrassing Moments," when caught chewing gum in a study hall.
"Our Modern Maidens," Freshman girls.
"South Sea Rose," Dent Caton.
"The Red Sword," Mr. Brown's ten nights after school.
"Strange Cargo," People in W. H. S. buses.
"Thunder," Single file up the stairs, girls.
"The Time, The Place And The Girls," 2.15 outside W. H. And I wonder who.
"Good News," Assembly during periods.
"Sin Takes A Holiday," We skip school.
"Broken Dishes," A clumsy girl in the lunchroom.
"The Singing Fool (s)," Glee Club.
"Bright Lights," W. H. S. electrical system.
"Happy Days," Vacation.

R. Calen '32

The Sea of Destiny

I've traveled much by rail and boat,
And seen whate'er there was to see.
I'm like a piece of wood afloat
On the Sea of Destiny.

Oft caught in the whirlpool of life,
I do what's meted out to me.
And then I break apart from strife,
To wander on across the Sea.

I seldom stop in one place long.
Why should I while am so free?
I mingle with the happy throng,
And do whatever pleases me.

But yet I'm just a vagabond,
With no one who is dear to me.
And though of such a life I'm fond,
It's still the Sea of Destiny.

Mathilda Pflaumer '32

My House

Jack raked the garden,
  Raked up all the leaves.
He let me make a house
  'Zactly as I pleased.
One room was yellow;
  And one, mostly red.
Of the same color,
  I made a soft bed.
Just as I called Mother
  To come quick and see,
A naughty breeze blew
  My house away from me.

Pauline Colarusso

"Her World's Work"

The lonesome "American Girl" felt that she had a very poor "Outlook" on "Life" because she met only "Country Gentlemen." After joining "The Forum," however, she was invited to many "Better Homes and Gardens" where she saw examples of "Good Housekeeping." These experiences gave her a better perspective on the choosing of a "Woman's Home Companion." At last she married the "New Yorker," a "Popular Mechanic," who had confessed his "True Love" for her. They chose "Asia" as the place for their "Home Beautiful" and left for their new "Life" on "The Saturday Evening Post." *Marguerite Goodrich* '32

Life

A little dog crouched all alone,
Through the night so cold and bleak,
Looking bravely through the gloom
For the master he would seek.

A man passed by the lonely spot.
Scarcely a glance he gave
To the shivering little creature,
Who stood whimpering on the pave.

He was still there in the morning,
Looking so small and wise,
Mourning for a wanted master
Who did not hear his cries.

Then to him came a figure
Of a little boy in brown,
Who jumped around with joyous heart
At sight of what he found.

The tiny puppy wagged his tail.
No more would he be sad,
For he had found a master—
A little blue-eyed lad.

Roberta Fletcher '31

My Dream of Christmas Joy

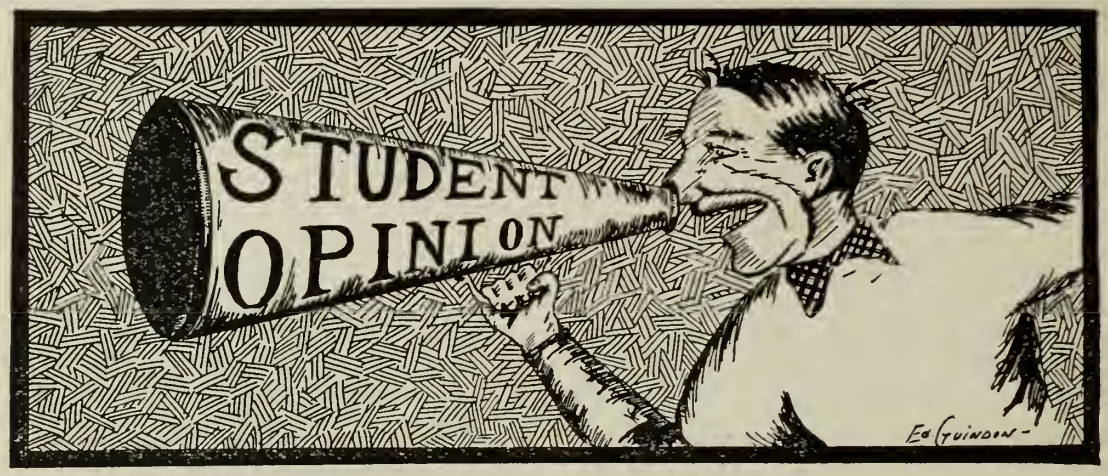
It's nearly time for Santa Claus
And holly berries gay.
The reindeer with their jingly bells
Are hastening on their way.

Christmas wreaths on every door.
O bright December cheer!
Flowers 'gainst the window panes,
Were ever skies so clear?

But hear the rumblings of a storm!
Report cards in the air.
Whence come those moaning winter winds,
The signals of despair?

And then I see two wondrous "A's,"
Two "B's," one "C," *no* "D!"
Ring out, ring out, O Christmas bells.
All's well with you and me.

R. Leonard '34



School Spirit

School Spirit! Where is the school spirit of Weymouth High School? Many outside the school ask the same question. Many doubt if there is any in Weymouth High. Take for example the football games. How many attended them? Only a few. Is that school spirit? No! The lack of enthusiasm shows when out of all the students attending Weymouth High it is impossible to fill a bus to attend an out of town game. The lack of school spirit shows again at the track meets. How can the teams win without the support from the students? We all know that no matter what the game is, if we have no one to watch and cheer us, we lose interest and do not play our best.

I hope we are going to show the proper school spirit of Weymouth High when the basketball games begin. There isn't any good reason for not filling the gymnasium at these games.

Give your support to all school activities while you are at school, and this spirit will remain with you even after you have graduated and have gone out into the world.

Harriet Berry '33

Vote Yes!

The great asset to any school is the spirit evidenced by its members. The success of athletics, scholarship, the school paper, and school events depends upon the amount of interest taken by the members of the student body. The athletic teams can win more games if they know that they have the moral support of their fellow students, and your presence is greatly needed at all school games. The school paper can be a greater success if every student does his share in helping out. We have every reason to be proud of our school. Let us show our school spirit by attending the games, contributing to the support of the school paper, both financially and literary, and by an earnest effort to do our very best in every way. *D. Flynn* '32

School Spirit

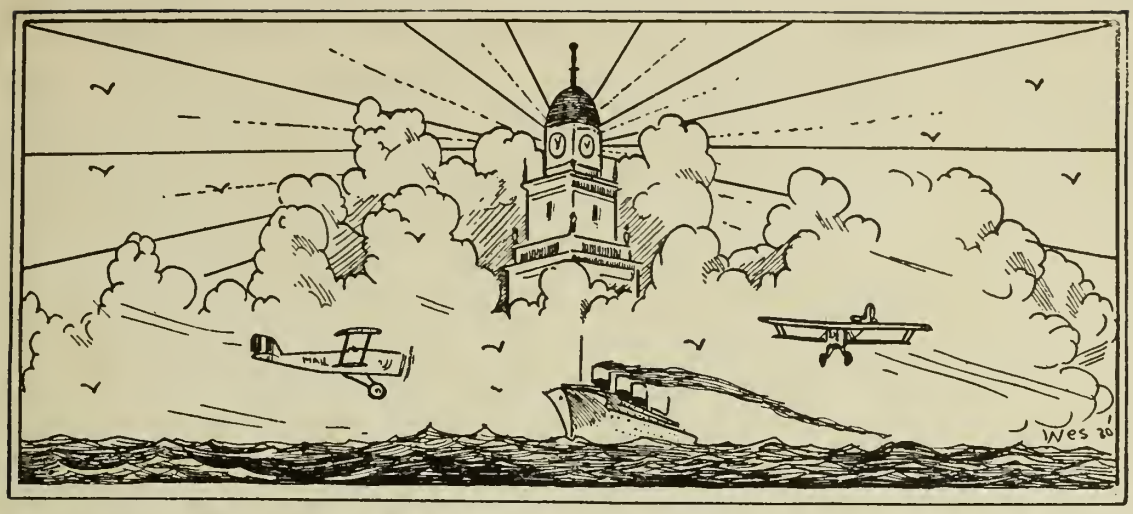
Fellow-students, if teachers ever become broadminded enough to allow a teacher-student meeting, keep your shirts on and vote for the repeal of the Baby Lunchroom Act. Vote for pupil control of all the grub, forks, knives, tables, and chairs. Let the Practical Arts girls collect the dishes, instead of the customers; they've got to do something to earn their eats, which they get for nothing, at present. Since the teachers have had tables and chairs for the last half-century, and the pupils only standing room (boys in particular), let's take the tables and chairs for the next half. Also, mates, vote for repeal of the four or five hours' homework assignments, passed by the House of Teachers under the Kill-joy Amendment, when our forefathers were pupils.

S. Scott '32

DON'T FORGET

This page is reserved
for your opinions.

SEND THEM IN!



Weymouth, Mass.
December 13, 1930

Dear Dot,

I was certainly glad to get your letter. As for football, don't kid us. Weymouth may not win the championship, but we're all rooting for her, and we're ready to yell for our team anytime.

Talking of football reminds me that Mr. Kennedy has formed a "Varsity Club," the purpose of which is to draw the various branches of athletics closer. The club gave a dance December 12 after school. It has put out pins in the shape of a football with "Weymouth" printed on it and a gold and maroon tassel hanging from it. They were very popular and every one you saw was wearing one —if he weren't, a boy would pop up from somewhere, .pin one on him, and shout. "Fifteen cents!"

The girls ought to have a similar club for their athletics. They are playing their tournament games in volley ball now. There is much more spirit this year than there was last. The color system is being worked out successfully.

The Operetta rehearsals have been started under the direction of Mr. Monroe and Mrs. McGrath. Vivian Laurence has the leading part. It is to be Russian this year and ought to be good.

The Thanksgiving holidays started the twenty-sixth and continued till December first. In an assembly, we were told of the death of Mr. Bates, one of the janitors.

We had exams this week and were sustained by the thought of vacation. Just think a week, seven days, of lying abed until eight or nine o'clock! Here's hoping Santa will be good to you and fill your stocking with what you want.

Love,

Mary

Le Cercle Francais

Le Cercle Francais held its first meeting of the year in Room 215, after school, on Tuesday, November 25. This meeting was held principally for the election of officers. The following were chosen:

President: Leonard Bryant.

Vice-president: Josephine Caruso.

Secretary: Marie Conroy.

Treasurer: Emma De Pari.

Dorothy Bearce was elected chairman of the entertainment committee for the first two meetings, after which another chairman will be chosen for the next two, and so on. The meetings are to be held on the first and third Tuesdays of the month.

This club, which is under the supervision of Miss Berry, was formed to help students speak French more fluently. All conversation must be in French. Nevertheless, there is a great deal of fun. The club is made up of juniors and seniors who have obtained an average of 90 in French the previous year. This year, the following are members:

Filomena Amoroso, Dorothy Bearce, Leonard Bryant, Josephine Caruso, Marie Conroy,

Emma De Pari, Rose Di Lorenzo, Roger Emerson, Elizabeth Freeth, Marie Galligan, Marguerite Goodrich, Ellen Holma, Margaret Kelly, Antoinette Lilla, Louise Merrill, Gertrude Tirrell, Carl Parsons, Dorothy Pearson.

Marie Conroy '31
Secretary

High School is Visited

Members of the Old Colony Club visited The High School Thursday, November 20. In the morning, students who were members of the Junior Old Colony Club ushered the visitors to the different rooms and parts of the High School, as well as to the Trade School. At 12.45 the guests assembled at the assembly hall, where an entertainment, when was directed by Mrs. McGrath, was given in their honor. The freshmen also were present since it was their music period. The entertainment was as follows:—

March, "7th Regiment" *W. H. S. Band*
Tap Dance *George Colarusso*
Piano Solo:
"Pale Moon"
"Kiss Waltz" *William Donovan*
Readings:
"Sister Simmons"
"Little Old House by the Shore" *Anna Bourque*
Chorus *W. H. S. Glee Club*
Reading: "Creation" *Isabelle Dacey*
Violin Solo:
"Cadiz"
"Polish Dance" .. *Eleanor Hill*
Accompanied by *William Donovan*

Here the program was broken, for the freshmen had to pass to their next classes; and the sophomores came to the hall for their music period. The passing in and out of the hall was done in an orderly manner. After the sophomores were seated, the program was continued.

"Medley of Civil War Melodies" *W. H. S. Band*
Readings:
"The Blade of Grass"
"The Little House" *Dorothy Pearson*
Duet with Ukelele accompaniment *Marjorie Burne*
Beth Alger
March *W. H. S. Band*

All present enjoyed the entertainment.

Ill or Convalescing?

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. S. sat in the living-room. Mrs. W. H. S. was sobbing hysterically; Mr. W. H. S. looked glum. Reflector, their only daughter, was sick. Doctor Student was examining her now.

"Dear, oh, dear," sobbed Mrs. W. H. S., "what are we going to do? She's so thin."

"Now, now, don't worry," soothed Mr. W. H. S.

Just then Dr. Student came from his examination. "Now, now, Mrs. W. H. S., don't worry. Reflector will be well soon. She hasn't had enough to eat; that's all!"

"We gave her all we had," stated Mr. W. H. S. gloomily. "She never wanted to diet."

"I'll see what I can do," promised Dr. Student. Don't forget to hang up your stocking Christmas Eve."

"I won't," replied Reflector.

Poor Reflector! Will her stocking be full on Christmas? Come on Dr. Student; don't let her starve. Fill her stocking! Don't be discouraged because your food didn't help her once. Start writing now for the February issue.

And don't forget that the "Student Opinion" page is still waiting for your ideas.

Editor

The Varsity Club

Mr. Kennedy, the new coach of athletics at Weymouth High, has organized a club to keep up the friendship and the spirit of the fellows who take part in athletics. The name of the club is the Varsity Club, because it consists of undergraduates who have earned their W's in major sports. Similar clubs have been formed in many of the schools and colleges for the same purpose. The officers of our club are: John Moulton, president; Francis Ralph, treasurer; Norman Foskett, secretary. The club holds its meetings every Monday in Room 114 at the close of school. The money which this club raises is to go towards a fund to help any fellow who gets injured while playing any sport at Weymouth High. Anybody who has won his W and has not been attending the meetings is welcome. So be sure and join up.

Edward Perry '32

Alumni News

CLASS OF 1927

Margaret Collins, Married
Mary Loud, Manager of Glass House Goods
Mary Tobin, Teacher, Bicknell School

CLASS OF 1928

Eleanor Burke, Stetson Shoe Company
Marie Ghiorse, Teacher, Hunt School
Anna Leahy, New York
Margaret Mitchell, Teacher, James Humphrey School
Marjorie Monroe, Married
Phyllis Price, Married
Edna Richards, Boston Practical Arts
Beulah Sherman, Married
Sadie Sturtevant, Married
Frederick Taylor, Married
John Thomas, De Mers's Drug Store

CLASS OF 1929

Dorothy Alden, Posse Nissen
Patricia Collins, Bethlehem Steel Corp.
Florence De Mers, Stetson Shoe Company
Marion Martin, Stetson Shoe Company
Dorothy Page, Cashier, Brown's Market

CLASS OF 1930

Thomas Barker, Bethlehem Steel Corp.
Robert Burnett, Thorp's Garage
Isabel Hawley, Stetson Shoe Company
Winifred Hunt, Marsh's Candy Shoppe
Carrie Randall, First National Bank
Melvin Sherman, First National Store
Helyn Spillane, Mary Ellen's
Elsie Stub, St. Margaret's Hospital
Thomas Whitaker, R. H. White Co.

M. De Boer '30

Exchanges

Plymouth—The Pilgrim.
Whitman—The Red and Black.
Norwell—The Shipbuilder.
Stoughton—The Semaphore.
Seward, Alaska—Seward's Folly.
Eng. High, Boston—The Record.
Mount Kisco High School
West Newbury—The Breezes.
Middleboro—The Sachem.
Senn H. S., Chicago—Forum.
Cordova, Alaska—Northern Light.
West Bridgewater—The Climber.
East Bridgewater—Student's Pen.
Randolph—Stetson Oracle.
Muscatine, Iowa—The Auroan.

Edith Baker '32

Sandman

Sandman at the door is knocking.
Does he bring a dream to me?
Is it folded in a rose leaf,
Or a shell from stormy sea?
Sandman! Sandman! you come creeping.
Sandman! Sandman! I am sleeping.

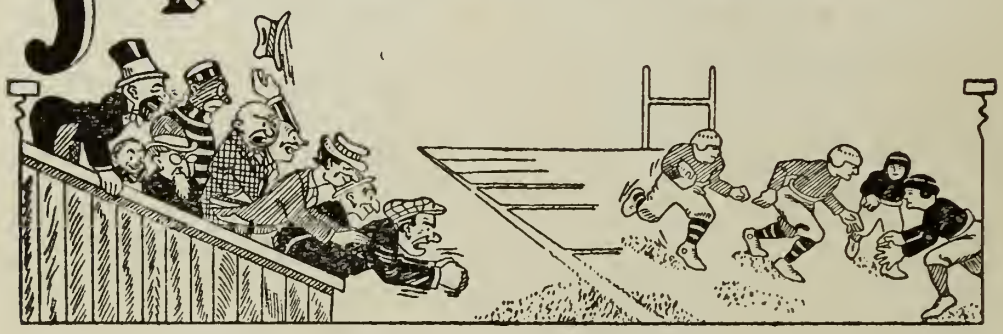
R. Leonard '34

Crazy (?)

The snow was falling with small stinging flakes. It sifted in around the cracks, and piled up in drifts on the steps and walks. But Mr. Craymar Vangulf apparently was not at all concerned. As the wind whistled about the corners of the house and bent the tops of the trees to and fro, he actually laughed. Icicles dripped from the blinds, and the windows were frozen tight. Yet he chuckled merrily. Surely something was wrong. It was the height of craziness for a man to stand in a cold house—the furnace fire had gone out and there was no more coal—and laugh at the cold or snow. But then Mr. Cragmar Vangulf could afford to laugh, because he was going to Florida.

Lloyd Eldridge '32

ATHLETICS



Weymouth vs. Bridgewater

The Weymouth gridsters took the Bridgewater boys into camp at their last home game. Although Bridgewater scored on a long end run, our team showed great power and ability at times and completely outclassed their opponents. Monahan crossed the enemy's goal line once, kicked the goal, and later in the game, kicked a field goal. Norman Foskett played a fine game at tackle. The score was Weymouth 10, Bridgewater 6.

Weymouth vs. Hingham

On Thanksgiving morning, Hingham won the South Shore Championship by defeating Weymouth to the tune of 27-0. Our opponent's end runs and passes led to Weymouth's downfall. The center of our line was solid, and few gains were made in this section of the team. Our boys put up a game fight but must look forward to next year for victory.

Weymouth vs. Celtics

On the Sunday following Thanksgiving, our football team met the Celtics in a charity game. The thrilling result took some of the sting out of the Hingham defeat. Our boys crossed their opponent's goal line three times and succeeded in getting the extra point twice. The Celtics had been undefeated and crowned amateur champions of the South Shore, Their previous record had little effect on the Weymouth High team. Our football warriors were in command of the situation at all times and gave the Celtics few chances to score.

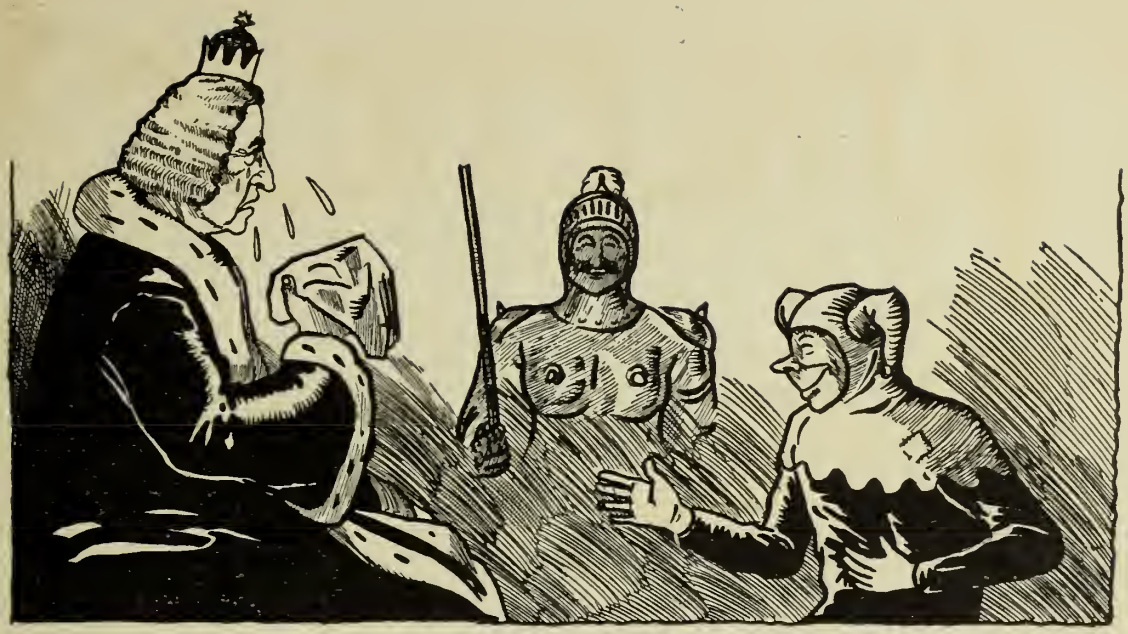
The Football Squad

We have had a small but competent squad this year under the direction of Coach Fred Kennedy. Our ends have been P. Foskett, Caton, Kemp, Jardine and LaRocco. We have had N. Foskett, Ralph, Cronin, Linscott and Minns for tackles. The guards were Perry, Bennett, LeMay, Mahoney, Thorp and Spritza. We have used as centers, Captain John Moulton, Cavallo and Zeoli. Our backfield men have been Monahan, Infusino, Taylor, Neptune, Thomas, Warner, Tolmic and Petzi. F. N. Andrews assisted by G. Bell have been the managers. We have had as water boys and general aides, Nolan and Conroy.

A Review of the Football Games

Weymouth 12	Belmont 6
Weymouth 13	Whitman 0
Weymouth 0	Plymouth 6
Weymouth 6	Norwood 0
Weymouth 0	Revere 19
Weymouth 6	Abington 13
Weymouth 0	Peabody 7
Weymouth 6	Dedham 0
Weymouth 10	Bridgewater 6
Weymouth 0	Hingham 27
Weymouth 20	Celtics 0

The team played eleven games, winning six and losing five. Our boys scored a total of 73 points. Our opponents scored 82 points. Weymouth engaged some powerful teams this year and we have a record to be proud of. Next year Mr. Kennedy will have a fair supply of veteran players and Weymouth should reach new heights.



M. Reidy: "Can I get through this gate to the circus grounds?"

Polite boy: "Yes, Mam, I think so. A load of hay just went through."

Mr. Stewart: "Now, Reidy, which would you rather have—one apple or two halves?"

"Iggy" Reidy: "Two halves."

Mr. Stewart: "Why should you prefer two halves?"

"Iggy" Reidy: "Because then I could see if it was bad inside."

A. Rodger: "Wire you *insulate? Watts* the matter.

B. Rodger (the other twin): *Fuse* where I was you'd be late.

A. Rodger: This is positively *shocking*. If it happens again I'll get a *switch* and *socket* to you. I *conduit*, too.

Miss Sanborn: How do you spell needle.

Tom Stetson: N-E-I-D-L-E.

Miss Sanborn: Wrong. There's no "i" in needle.

Tom Seteson: It isn't a good needle then.

Miss Vining: "Hunt, what are you going to be when you graduate?"

W. Hunt: "An old man."

Mrs. White: "What is the plural of *James?*"

Miss Clapp: "Jimmies."

Teacher: "Tommy, if you had six apples and I asked you for three, how many would you have left?"

Tommy: "Six!"

Mr. L.: "Who was that who laughed aloud?"

Mabel: "I did, but I didn't mean to do it."

Mr. L.: "You didn't mean to do it?"

Mabel: "No, sir. I laughed up my sleeve, and I didn't know there was a hole in the elbow."—Ex.

Joe: "My heart is in my work."

Boe: "That's good. Now how about getting your hands into it."—Ex.

"Please may I have a pencil?"

"Hard or soft?"

"Soft; it's for a love letter."

Teacher: "*I have went.* Why is that wrong?"

Dan (absently): "Because you ain't yet."—Ex.

Tid: "Thought you had a date with Alice to-night?"

Bits: "I did but when I saw her leave her house with someone else, I got sore and called it off."—Ex.

Question: What star has a tail?

Answer: Rin-Tin-Tin.

The old farmer was close and miserly. When the hired boy asked for a lantern, that he might call on his best girl, the old fellow grumbled: "In my day, when I was courtin', I went in the dark!"

"Humph!" murmured the boy gloomily, "and just see what you got."

"Lean on the car and I'll take your picture."

"I can't lean on the car; it's all damp."

"Why is it so damp?"

"I don't know, unless it's just that there's so much due on it."

Bob: "You had better keep your eyes open tomorrow."

Bill: "Why?"

Bob: "You can't see if you don't."

Jim: "See that man? He landed in this country with two bare feet. Now he has millions."

Jack: "He must be a centipede."

Teacher: "Is there anything you can do better than anyone else?"

Boy: "Yes, sir."

Teacher: "And what's that?"

Boy: "Read my own writing."

Father: "Suppose I should be taken away suddenly, what would become of you, my boy?"

Son: "I'd stay here. The question is: 'What would become of you'?"

"Battalion, attention!" roared the sergeant. Tony threw down his rifle in a rage and repaired to the captain of his company. After saluting, he cried, "For why does that sergeant always maka da pick on me? I do justa like de odder fellow and he say, 'Itallian, attention'!"

Policeman to truck driver: "What is your name?"

Truck driver (sullenly): "It's on the side of me truck."

Policeman: "The name is obliterated."

Truck driver (excitedly): "The name is not Obliterated. 'Tis O'Brien."

R. Stewart: "What comes after cheese?"

"Red" Gould: "Don't know. What does?"

Stewart: "Why, mouse of course."

Little Sally (excitedly, on seeing Weymouth Track team for the first time): "Oh, Mummy, look at all the boys running with their bathing suits and rubbers on!"

Now that the very tiresome football season is over, let's settle down for some interesting and exciting school work!

Did I hear you say something?

Teacher: "Miss Blank, what book has influenced your life the most?"

Miss Blank: "What book has influenced my life the most? My father's bank book."

Landlady: "Eight o'clock, eight o'clock!"

Auctioneer (sleepily): "Who'll make it nine?"—Ex.

Doctor: "As I said, you've just regained consciousness after the crash. I'm Doctor Peter, and —"

Victim: "Oh! For a second you gave me a shock. I thought you said you were St. Peter."—Ex.

Teacher: "It is the law of gravity that keeps us on the earth."

Pupil: "Then how did we stick on before the law was passed?"—Ex.

The Perfect Teacher

Man

Mr. Page's ..... Hair
Mr. Lyons's ..... Eyes
Mr. Whittemore's ..... Smile
Mr. Kennedy's ..... Stature
Mr. Stewart's ..... Intellect
Mr. Whittle's ..... Disposition
Mr. Hilton's ..... Dignity
Mr. Brown's ..... Sense of humor
Mr. Parker's ..... Voice
Mr. O'Donnell's ..... Sportsmanship

Woman

Miss Langford's ..... Hair
Miss Sanborn's ..... Eyes
Miss Stockwell's ..... Smile
Mrs. McGrath's ..... Stature
Miss Humphrey's ..... Intellect
Miss Sheehan's ..... Disposition
Miss Wagg's ..... Dignity
Mrs. White's ..... Sense of humor
Mrs. Barnard's ..... Voice
Miss Swift's ..... Clothes
Miss Hackett's ..... Sportsmanship

"Sid"
"Rose in Blumen"
"Toodledums"

Dear Flannelmouth,
I heard you took a trip to Florida. How was the scenery? *Ola Jean Taylor*
Well, the tooth-paste ads were rather better done than the tobacco ones, but there was more furniture than anything else.

Dear Flannelmouth,
What leather makes the best shoes? *Frank Thomas*
I don't know, but banana skins make the best slippers.

Dear Flannelmouth,
When did Caesar defeat the greatest number? *"Red" Gould*
I think on examination day.

Dear Flannelmouth,
What is your impression of harmony? *Leonard Bryant*
A freckled-face in a polka-dot dress, leading a coach dog.

Dear Flannelmouth,
If a deadly gas escaped from a cylinder what steps should one take? *Albert La Rocco*
Long ones—Don't be dumb.

Dear Flannelmouth,
What is biology? *Marjorie Didion*
The science of shopping.

Dear Flannelmouth,
Why are fish brain food? *Marietta Tallman*
Well, it takes some knowledge to open a can of sardines.

Dear Flannelmouth,
Will your folks be surprised when you graduate? *Porter Churchill*
Oh, no, they've been expecting it for several years.

Dear Flannelmouth,
Is it unlucky to get married on Friday? *John Gaab*
Of course, why should Friday be an exception?

Dear Flannelmouth,
Where did you go on your sixth birthday? *John Hassett*
Into my seventh year.

Dear Flannelmouth,
Why do some doctors ask their patients what they eat? Does it help in the diagnosis? *Jeannie Adley*
No, but it tells them the patients' circumstances; then they know how much to charge.

Dear Flannelmouth,
What is a collective noun? *Doris Goodwin*
A vacuum cleaner.

Dear Flannelmouth,
Why do some people use gum? *Eleanor Hill*
Nimble in traffic and easy to park.

Dear Flannelmouth,
I'm sitting on top of the world, my girl told me I reminded her of the wild sea waves. That's because I'm so restless and unconquered, isn't it? *John Shields*
Well, it may be, but it may be that you make her sick.

Dear Flannelmouth,
Do you think the dead can communicate with us? *Helen Harkinson*
I know they can't. Once I managed to borrow a dollar from a Scotchman. A week later he died, and I have not heard a word since.

Dear Flannelmouth,
In time of trial, what brings us the greatest comfort? *Roger Emerson*
An acquital, I imagine.

Dear Flannelmouth,

Paris says that shiny cloth will be fashionable this fall. What do you think about it?

Dorothy Pearson

A survey of most men's trousers proves that it has been the glass of fashion for a long time.

Basketball

The football season is over, and Mr. Kennedy has turned his attention to the basketball squad. A good number of last year's squad is reporting, and there is no good reason for an unsuccessful season. The boys will have plenty of time to round into shape, as the first game does not take place until January 2. *F. Andrews, '31.*

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